IF YOU HAVE A SONG, A THOUGHT, A FEELING, OR ANYTHING KIND YOU WANT TO SHARE, PLEASE DO EMAIL ME.

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING SHITTY TO SAY, GO AHEAD, BUT THE FUTURE IS KIND AND WE'RE LEAVING YOU BEHIND.

DO NOT PURCHASE THIS ZINE. IT IS ALWAYS FREE.

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SHARE, COPY, ALTER, STEAL. THIS ZINE BELONGS TO EVERYONE.

#003

ANTI-CAP

MUSIC FOR OUR FUTURE

IN THIS ARTICLE:

REHAB

EEVIE ECHOES & THE LOCATIONS

DROPKICK MURPHYS

BEFORE WE GET INTO THE MUSIC, I THINK ITS WORTH MENTIONING THAT IT MAY NOT BE IMMEDIATELY OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE HOW ALL OF THE SONGS FEATURED IN THIS ZINE SERIES ARE CONNECTED TO CAPITALISM.

IN THIS ISSUE, WE WILL EXPLORE THEMES OF

- The dichotomy between how we enforce laws of punishment vs. laws of protection
- Nation states' pursuit to erase minority groups from existence and memory
- The current weaponization of I.C.E. against the citizens they are allegedly meant to protect

ALL OF THESE THEMES (AND SO MANY MORE) ARE DIRECTLY FACILITATED BY CAPITALISM AND ITS RELIANCE ON VIOLENCE TO MAINTAIN ITS EXISTENCE.

LET'S REMEMBER THAT VIOLENCE ISN'T ONLY PUNCHING SOMEONE IN THE FACE. IT IS ALSO ERASING HISTORIES, WITHHOLDING RESOURCES NEEDED FOR SURVIVAL, IGNORING/ENFORCING SYSTEMIC INEQUITIES, ENCOURAGING DIVIDES BASED ON RACE, GENDER, CLASS, AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON...

CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT FROM THE LATEST EPISODE OF THE TRIPLOI PODCAST. THEN, CONTINUE ON TO THE MUSIC AND CONSIDER HOW IT APPLIES.

CITIZEN I.C.E.

Calling all Americans of
below-average intelligence
Power hungry scumbags, apply today

Come celebrate dictatorships
and bolster the regime

While abusing helpless immigrants
a bully's wet dream

You've joined the traitor's ranks
to play the hand of God

In a scumbag grifter's
kidnapping squad

CITIZEN I.C.E.
CITIZEN I.C.E.

They've poorly trained an army
for our kids to fear today

They gave 'em masks and weapons
and then be on your way

They're knee-deep in Proud Boys,
yeah, the party never stops

Too scared to join the military,
too dumb to be a cop

NO ACCOUNTABILITY
AND VIOLENCE EVERYDAY!

Dropkick Murphys

Originally, I had planned to share a different song to cap off this zine this month. I started creating the page for it when DM dropped this reworking of their 2005 song "CITIZEN C.I.A." I immediately scrapped my work and started on this one. The original song is still enragingly relevant, but this version replaces "CIA" with "ICE", making it even more relevant to today's brand of State-sanctioned thuggery.

DM has been around since 1996 and has no shortage of politically-themed songs to serve as anthems for change! If I were you, after listening to CITIZEN I.C.E., I would go stream their entire 2005 album THE WARRIOR'S CODE. Where you go from there is up to you.

"So, not only is there no democracy under capitalism, capitalism actually hates democracy. And I don't mean how capitalism lets you choose which of its two corporate-owned political parties you get to put on stage for next term while both of them pass the same laws that only ever serve the interests of capital. No, I'm talking about real democracy. I mean, your day-to-day life under capitalism has no democracy of any kind. You don't get a say in anything. Don't believe me? Then let's try a little experiment.

Go into your work on Monday and ask your boss if you and your fellow workers can organize a little vote to change literally any practice in the business. Then come back here and tell us in the comments just how much democracy you experienced. You see, you spend the majority of your life at work, but you will never have a say in how that life is actually lived. Also, if you do this experiment, you will finally understand that there is no consensual workplace agreement under capitalism. Capital dictates that you must do as you are told or you will be cut off from the resources you and your family need for basic survival. That's not democratic or consensual, that's intimidation and the threat of violence.

And that is how capitalism runs every single part of our society. Just because you're compliant in the system, that doesn't mean you consent to it. And if you actually want to know what true democracy is, you need to learn socialist theory. Then you will finally understand both the full extent of your exploitation and what you're going to do about it."

REHAB

Rehab's 2005 album **GRAFFITI THE WORLD** will forever be one of the main soundtracks of my highschool years. I discovered it by a stroke of luck when the track "Red Water" came across my desk (school desk, I guess). Despite its dark subject matter, I was immediately hooked by the unique guitar work and use of instrumentation and rough, raw vocals to tell a poignant story.

In my exploration of Rehab's music I have found that I don't always agree with their view of the world, but there is still lots of wisdom to be found in much of their music.

In particular, GRAFFITI THE WORLD has stuck with me as one of my favorite songs all of these years. I mean, show me another song that can transition from the simple shaking of a spray can into a fat beat that supports the most brutal takedown of the hypocrasies of modern life that I have ever heard.

DEAD ELDERS

INTERVIEWER:
Why are you here today?

MARSHA P. JOHNSON:
Darling, I want my gay rights now. I think it's about time the gay brothers and sisters got their rights... and especially the women!

We bashed back your genocide through government inaction
We caught AIDS, you let us die, refused to give us condoms
Bodily autonomy, they're stripping rights from you and me
Watch it or you're gonna get the fist

YOU GAVE US DEAD ELDERS
A WHITEWASHED HISTORY
RE-EDUCATE US WITH YOUR WORTHLESS PAPER CURRENCY
. . . YOUR NUCLEAR FAMILY, I'LL TEAR IT DOWN
FAGS AND DYKES AND TRANS UNITE
WE'RE COMING FOR YOUR CROWN

2025, still fighting for our lives
Pass your ugly bills in the dead of night
Freedom fighters beat to hell
Protesting genocide
Do your worst if you dare
Our comrades are by our sides (Hey!)

Teach in, occupy
We know our history
Scrub us from your textbooks
But you can't get rid of me (No!)

EEVIE ECHOES AND THE LOCATIONS

I DISCOVERED EEVIE ECHOES JUST LAST YEAR THROUGH:

LOUD WOMEN

Any time the word "Queercore" shows up on my screen, I am immediately interested because I know I am in for a raw, real experience that holds no punches. I have yet to be disappointed. I am still exploring their music, but I wanted to waste no time in sharing the 2025 single "DEAD ELDERS". An opening quote by the incomparible Marsha P. Johnson sets the tone for 2 and a half minutes of defiant, justifiable rage.

GRAFFITI THE WORLD

You know, they say hell hath no fury
like a woman scorned
So vengeful and mother earth
has been done wrong
And I think she's sick
Yo, she's pukin' up lava
Her nerves tremble along fault lines
ready to drop an entire city of filth
that's been forced upon her
We built these towers of Babel
and feel remorse for nada
The momma divorce the father
The children are droppin' blotter
The rich get richer, poverty's hot
under the collar
Takin' prayer outta schools
and we're tryin' to raise scholars
Creationism vs. the theory of evolution
Air, water, land, mind, body and soul pollution
Kids steppin' on land mines from wars
we're all losin'
We're chasin' false idols, erasing from our bibles
the golden rule
the youth are becoming more suicidal
Who teaches them, you and I do
No wonder they want to fight you
Raised by hypocrites, you feel lied to

GRAFFITI THE LAND WITH SKYSCRAPERS
GRAFFITI THE SKY WITH AIRPLANES AND SATELLITES
GRAFFITI THE MINDS OF CHILDREN WITH YOUR MAN MADE LAWS
GRAFFITI THE WORLD, I SAW THE WRITING ON THE WALL

We got ABC, NBC, MTV, TNT, the BBC, DVD, VHS,
DSL, A&E, XTC, MP3, FCC, THC, NRA, GOP, ADD
The fight for free speech, lack of responsibility
Thieves in positions of power,
internet pornography
Guns in the home for fear that the next knock
at the door could be death
The terrorists are in the White House
and oversees
Racists, separatists, vicious militias
The Buddhists, the Hindus,
the Muslims, the Christians
Could it be our biggest barrier is language
Or is oil that important
that one would inflict anguish
So cars can deplete the ozone on highways
That stretch across the land
where Indians once raised families
We're in denial, the world is afraid
And you say there's no more slaves

We're addicted to planes, trains and automobiles
We're addicted to addiction, we dig livin' in fiction
For money, power, respect, the Army gotta go kill
They under contract so let the blood spill
Sorta morbid ain't it this picture that I just painted
It's an epiphany I had, I realized just how tainted
Our thinking really is while in New York when I saw

A TEENAGER BEING ARRESTED
FOR TAGGIN' A FUCKIN' WALL

GRAFFITI THE LAND
GRAFFITI THE SKY WITH
GRAFFITI THE MINDS OF CHILDREN
GRAFFITI THE WORLD, I SAW

WITH SKYSCRAPERS
AIRPLANES AND SATELLITES
WITH YOUR MAN MADE LAWS
THE WRITING ON THE WALL